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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LII. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 22, 1903. NUMBER 8

"A SERMON IN SONG."

"And Hezekiah prayed before the Lord."—H. Kings, xix. 15.

LORD, let me lay the tinsel down—
The senseless scepter and the crown
That I must bear;
The ermined robe of purple hue,
The gauds and rings and jewels, too,
That I must wear.

Let me but cast them in a heap—
All these; each is but poor and cheap—
An idle thing.
The robe, the scepter, crown and all
But form a covering and pall
To hide a king.

I know the people bend the knees
And bare their heads. It is to these—
To this—this stuff;
To ermine, velvet and to gold,
To jewels glittering and cold.
'Tis not enough.

'Tis not enough that they should deem
The crown and trappings, with their gleam
A royal thing.
Lord, were these piled upon the throne
The cry would be for them alone:
"This is the king!"

Lord, let me lay this tinsel down—
Be more than a mere gilded clown,
Or jeweled sham.
Let me aside these baubles throw
That me they all may see and know
For what I am.

Let them but see my mind and soul
Forever striving to the goal!
But let me fling
Away the purpled pomp, the throne,
And hear them hailing me, alone:
"Behold, the king!"

—From the Chicago Tribune, October 19, 1903.

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CONGRESS OF RELIGION

A special Congress will be held at Rockford, Illinois, November 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th, Dr. H. W. Thomas, President of the Congress of Religion, will give the opening address. The program is being arranged and the call will be issued by a committee of resident clergymen. Pending the completed program, the following preliminary announcement is made for the evenings:

Tuesday evening, November 17th, at the First Congregationalist Church:

"THE PRESENT OUTLOOK IN BIBLICAL CRITICISM." By Prof. Shaler Matthews, of the University of Chicago.

"THE RELIGIOUS MESSAGE OF ISRAEL TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY." Rev. Joseph Stolz, Rabbi of Isaiah Temple, Chicago.

Wednesday evening, November 18th, in the Second Congregationalist Church:

"THE PRESENT OUTLOOK IN THEOLOGY." Rev. W. B. Thorp, Pastor of South Congregationalist Church, Chicago.

"THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE." Rev. Theodore G. Soares.

Thursday evening, November 19th, in the Church of the Christian Union:

"THE NEW SPIRIT OF EDUCATION AND ITS RELATION TO RELIGION." Rev. David Beaton, Pastor of Lincoln Park Congregationalist Church, and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, General Secretary of the Congress of Religion.

Friday evening, November 20th:

"THE SOCIOLOGICAL OUTLOOK." Speakers and place to be announced.

UNITY

VOLUME LII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1903. NUMBER 8

We should like to tell how Mr. Emerson once "skipped" Mr. Epes Sargent, but that would be copying from the last number of the *Dial* what the *Dial* had copied from J. T. Trowbridge's "My Own Story," recently published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Jain Community of India, according to the *Christian Life*, has resolved to discontinue the use of feathers for headgear and all articles made of tortoise shells on account of the cruelties involved in the trades concerned. The Jain may not be Christian, but this seems to us to be indicative of very commendable religious sensibilities.

Baltimore has recently come into possession of a building that is to serve as headquarters of the philanthropic and humanitarian interests of the city. The building is controlled by the "Baltimore Association for the Improvement of the Conditions of the Poor." Chicago has no such headquarters. It has little common property at the center of the city. We fear this is true of most American cities. Here is one way by which the common wealth can be increased.

France owes much to Ernest Renan, as does modern civilization, and Brittany may be proud of her son. But Ernest Renan can wait for the true appreciation that some day will rejoice in his statue and crown the same with the unanimous applause of his people. Perhaps it was hardly worth while to stir up the countryside by the recent unveiling of a statute in the village of his birth, under the protection of armed troops. It was an interesting and just conception of the artist that led him to model the enthusiastic Breton as seated upon a common country bench while back of him stood Pallas-Athene holding a branch of laurel, as a goddess of Reason and Wisdom.

The erection of an outdoor theater on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley, by William R. Hearst, which was an exact reproduction of an old Greek amphitheater, was a brilliant conception as well as a generous contribution to the University. It seats over two thousand people. The architect sought only to reproduce with utmost exactness the old Greek model. After it was done it was a delightful surprise to everybody that the acoustics of the place was perfect. The occupants of the most remote seats were enabled not only to command the stage with the eyes, but also with the ears. Those old Greek architects apparently knew much about acoustics that our architects of today seem to have forgotten.

The *Church Economist* seems shocked that Carroll D. Wright, at the recent Unitarian Conference at Atlantic City, should have brought forward the fact that "the railroads and other large employers of labor employ none but sober men" as evidence of the growing religiousness of our times. This Christian monthly thinks it

> "the wildest *non sequitur* that because a man is religious he is a Christian. One may live well up to the Hosean standard of pure and undefiled religion and not be a Christian. * * * Christianity does not consist in being moral and useful. * * * And the pulpit of today has no more obvious duty than to ring out this vital difference between religion and Christianity."

Perhaps when this differentiation is clearly rung out, an ever increasing number of men will prefer being religious to being Christians. It is unfortunate to force the antagonism, but if it is forced, the more ethical, inclusive and universal term will be the one preferred by the growing intelligence and the developed spirituality of men and women.

There are many indications that the battle line in the interest of religious liberty is now in South America. The Peruvian law that forbids any worship save that of the Roman Catholic church, is arousing legitimate resentment within the state and a great amount of legitimate agitation and righteous creation of "influence" outside the state. And when the *New World* of Chicago, a Roman Catholic organ, would parry the appeal by calling attention to the law of New Hampshire that prohibits Catholics from holding office, the law in Mexico which prohibits monks and nuns from having religious houses in that country, and the anti-Catholic coronation oath of the English King, it but resorts to the poorest of arguments—"they all do it, and you're another." The antiquated coronation oath is an absurdity and a disgrace to England. Monks and nuns should have the freedom to live their own lives in their own way in Mexico, and if there is such a law on the statute books of New Hampshire, so much the greater shame for New Hampshire. Let all such laws be repealed, as well as the offending and offensive statute in Peru. It becomes the part of every true Catholic as well as every true Protestant, every Christian and every non-Christian, to work together for that religious liberty under which alone will the higher religious life of any community be worked out.

The Senior Editor of UNITY recently met with the Federation of Women's Clubs of the state of Minnesota, in the thriving city of Mankato. Upwards of a hundred clubs were represented. The women came from all parts of the state. They came in their every day dresses; they evidently came to work. "The Saratoga trunk Special" did not stop at Mankato. The women meant business. Forestration laws, the care of criminals, and the domestic arts and sciences represented their quest. A whole session was given to the

discussion of Wagner's "Simple Life" and problems connected therewith, and the program culminated in a lecture on "Home-making." The president elect for next year is a plain, hard-working woman who lives in a small town and does her own work, and the promise of an administration on these lines was greeted with applause. Let the women of other states pattern after the women of Minnesota—leave their fine dresses at home and cease their worrying about social lines and functions, cultivate and respect soul and its interests irrespective of sex, color, or present conditions of social servitude, and the women's clubs will fulfill the dreams of the heroic mothers of the movement. They will increasingly become a moral power, an instrument of reform, a missionary agency, making for sweeter homes, cleaner cities, better schools, and the nobler government, in the direct management of which they are soon to receive the legitimate recognition.

And now it is Chicago, free, progressive Chicago; Chicago, whose record in the great strife for liberty and human equality is such a fair one; the Chicago that offered hospitable welcome to John Brown; that was an active and well managed station in the underground railroad service; that nominated Abraham Lincoln in 1860; that discovered Mary A. Livermore, and helped develop her nation-conquering power; the Chicago that now is proud to claim as its citizens Paul Dunbar, Dr. D. H. Williams, S. Laing Williams and his wife, Fanny Barrier Williams, Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. Barnett, Lloyd G. Wheeler, Rev. R. Ransom, and many other colored men and women of intelligence and power is talking about separate schools for colored children. And if the papers are to be credited, the school board is taking serious recognition of this reactionary talk; yielding to the widespread political degeneracy that the disintegrating power of commercialism and militarism is bringing about, they threaten to blur the fair record of a century. Gentlemen of the school board, it will not work in Chicago. Do not bargain for a humiliating defeat. Separate schools for colored children means concentration of colored population, an African Ghetto. This would do violence to thousands of honest, unobjectionable, law-abiding, and neighborly colored people who do not live in the Dearborn Street districts. Fate has placed them there, but their work is in other parts of the city, and their children have a right to go to the school that represents the district in which their property and their homes are found. If the colored children need discipline, let them be disciplined. If they are overbearing or otherwise obtrusive, let them be expelled. But if they are studious, courteous, prompt, and law-abiding, let them keep their seats and let the other child move out if he is not satisfied. Any attempt to enforce the color line in the public schools in Chicago would be a violation of its noblest traditions and a clear violation of the spirit of the fifteenth amendment, the Emancipation Proclamation and the Declaration of Independence, if not a violation of the letter, as it seems to us. It is most significant that the very paper which announces this disposition on the part of the board of education, prints an extract from the report of the superintendent of truancy, which says:

> School statistics bearing upon the number of truants arrested by the compulsory education officials during the last year and the number of black children reported absent from school show that the negroes attend school more regularly, are more punctual, and, in general, better disciplined than the white pupils.
>
> It is rare that a colored child is reported for truancy. Of the 328 truants committed to the Parental School since it was opened, only twelve have been colored. The attendance of the negro pupils throughout the city is excellent. There seldom is a morning that all are not to be found at their desks.
>
> I attribute this fact largely to the desire of the parents of colored children to have their boys given the education which was denied themselves. The negroes manifest deep interest in the progress of their children in school and seldom send them to the factories and workshops instead of to school. No matter how poor the black man may be he usually finds some way by which he can afford to send his boys and girls to school.

UNITY rejoices in a widely distributed farmer constituency. It is an inspiration for us to remember that a large percentage of our copies find their way into rural homes every week, and we hope that something in each number touches the lives of boys and girls who are growing up in the simple surroundings of rural districts. We beseech all our country readers to secure the October number of the *Review of Reviews*, if they have not already done so, and to look over the pictures that illustrate the articles of Prof. Willet N. Hayes and Supt. O. J. Kearn. The former, of the University of Minnesota, writes of "Our Farmer Youth and the Public Schools." The latter, County Superintendent of Schools of Winnebago County, Illinois, tells of "Learning by Doing" on the farm. These articles are more central revelations of the new education than anything we have met for some time. They set forth what is actually being done in Minnesota, Alabama and Illinois by the articulated school system of education set forth in the former article, reaching from the consolidated district school, where the children are carried to the school houses rather than the school houses distributed among the children, as is now the system through the county agricultural high school to the state agricultural college. Superintendent Kearn shows what one county has been able to do towards inspiring an academic spirit among farmer boys, and linking the love of culture with the love of the soil and a passion for the plants and animals connected therewith. The gravitation of farmer children toward the city, even in order to get their education, has heretofore been regarded as inevitable. Let these farm schools be perfected and we predict the tide will set in the other way. City parents will seek this kind of wholesome education for the boys and girls. They will send them to the country, not to get a city training under more wholesome conditions, but to get a farm training under the plain, severely simple and rigorously economic conditions that obtain at the farm. Once the country is recognized as the right place for a large part of the primary education for city as well as for country children, then the management of country public schools will not only provide for the education of their own children but for the tuition of a limited number of boarding pupils, for the proper housing of whom the up-to-date farm houses in prosperous agricultural sections are well adapted or can readily be adjusted. Something like this must be done in order to stay the dangerous tide of youthful emigration which depopulates the country and overcrowds the city. As

a straw in this direction the following, from a private letter from N. O. Nelson, the St. Louis manufacturer with a humanitarian plus, is significant:

> The "Industrial" is humming. Twenty-seven now in the daytime; 35 at night; 20 in the Glee Club; 10 in the Sunday Nature class; 8 in the Tolstoi Club; 30 to 40 in the Saturday night bowling. Most of the pupils prefer farm work. I mean to put as few as possible into the factories. It is an unnatural vocation.

We have asked for further information in regard to this "Industrial."

First Fruits of the Book Harvest.

The publishers are already getting busy. The Christmas trade is in mind. However we may deplore this annual fever of the book market, however damaging it may be to the deliberation that should govern the book buyer at all seasons, the obstinate fact remains that the book sellers are driven by the demand which they themselves have helped to create, and a large percentage of the books that find themselves in the average homes of even intelligent men and women, in America at least, do pass through the Christmas gate.

In view of this fact it behooves the intelligent reader to prepare for the stress and the storm that, so far as possible, he may keep his head and buy, not the book that is nearest at hand, but the book that is most to his needs. UNITY is touched with a sense of responsibility at these times and will try to follow its annual custom of giving special attention to the book business, particularly the later publications, during the closing weeks of the year. Not to anticipate our review of the books of the year, which takes the form of our Annual Book Number, we must begin now to call attention to some of the later deposits on the editorial table before the pile grows higher.

It is interesting and encouraging to learn of the slow but sure development of Chicago publishing houses in the direction of legitimate book making. Chicago has not yet much to put on the book shelves of those who love and deal in permanent literature, but it is improving. Here are six books from the McClurg house, which are creditable both as to matter and form.

The two volumes by Sherwin Cody, one volume devoted to the best poems and essays, the other to the best tales of Edgar Allen Poe, is the latest challenge to those who have assumed that Poe was a passing genius. There are many signs that promise a Poe renaissance. Twenty-two titles represent the best poems here selected, running through twenty years of the sad adventurous life, while the prose tales represent some thirty titles. These tales are grouped under such signicant titles as "Tales Grotesque and Amusing," "Tales Weird and Beautiful," "Tales Psychological and Grewsome," and, save the mark, "Tales of Ratiocination." Poor Poe! He has had enough to bear without having to carry this forbidding title. The present writer confesses to be one of those who need to be reconstructed on Poe lines before he can give to him the enthusiastic appreciation which these and other recent books ask for and hope to create.

"Songs from the Hearts of Women," by Nicholas Smith, is a book that deserves a less flashy and better wearing cover. Colonel Smith, who has had a long and successful editorial career in Wisconsin, is an old choir master, a student of popular song, a close student of hymns and ballads. He has already published "Stories of Great National Songs," "Hymns Historically Famous," and "Our Nation's Flag in History and Incident." This book contains one hundred famous hymns with sketches of their writers. Of course the field is limited by the sex and century line. Perhaps these arbitrary lines are as good as any in fixing the inevitable bounds of a dollar and a half book. It is good to be made acquainted with the fifty-five women who have written what this compiler regards as a hundred superlative hymns. That he has read deeply and gleaned widely, with an open mind and a susceptible heart, is established by a glance at the contents. This book is one more witness to the high truth that there is no sect line in hymns. Adelaide Proctor, the Catholic who has five hymns in this collection, is own sister to Sarah Flower Adams, the Unitarian author of "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The biographical sketches are models of brevity, information and appreciation. We congratulate our old friend and whilom neighbor and co-worker in many ways in the Janesville of long ago, on this piece of good work well done, and commend it to home makers and home keepers.

"Famous Assassinations of History" is the grewsome title of a book which might well be spared. What if the accounts of these thirty-two assassinations were heretofore "scattered throughout the historical works of all nations and through many volumes of private memoirs?" The lessons which the student will draw from the reading of this book might be more pleasantly and effectively reached in other ways. The most attractive feature of the book is the portraits of the victims. There is room for some distrust of the critical value of the book that hopes to portray the political, religious, and national features of any epoch around the story of its assassins. The explosion of a pistol in the hand of the disordered Booth is not a favorable starting-point for the story of Abraham Lincoln and his work. And again, the omitting of the assassination of President Garfield and the introduction of the assassination of the alleged Gessler by the alleged William Tell needs the explanations offered, and perhaps better ones. See John Fiske's "Myths and Myth Makers."

"The Castle of Twilight," by Margaret Horton Potter, is the fiction contribution of this house, but of its value we will not presume to speak. Let the novel-tasters report on it.

"The Spinner Family," by Alice Jean Patterson, is a book that should be turned over into the hands of an expert, but remembering that spiders and their relatives are to be on exhibition and trial at the Tower Hill Summer School next year, the present reviewer retains the book that he may be equipped with a small amount of intelligent ignorance on the subject at that time. The illustrations are dainty and revealing. The type is such as to woo the young reader, for whom the book is intended. It certainly is enticing to the old reader who is turning the pages while he writes. This is a book to think of when Christmas time comes.

From the Houghton-Mifflin house of Boston comes first the Memorial Address delivered by Paul Revere Frothingham at the unveiling of the Channing statue on the one hundredth anniversary of the great and good man's ordination. Nothing comes amiss that helps to reveal the greatness of this man, whose day is yet to come. This little book should have a place on the Channing shelf alongside of Mr. Chadwick's splendid volume which UNITY rejoiced in a few months ago.

"The Gentle Reader" is the title which our friend, S. M. Crothers, has given to a series of essays in the lighter vein, which so quaintly fits this serious minister. He has not inaptly been likened to Charles Lamb and Oliver Wendell Holmes, but Crothers is just himself. His humor is inevitable. He cannot help being bright. We commend to the Monday meetings of ministers the essay entitled "The Gentle Reader's Friends Among the Clergy." Anent Shakespeare's convivial Welsh parson, Sir Hugh Evans, who commended the virtuous mind of the man who vowed, "If I be drunk, I will be drunk with those who fear God," he tells us that a traveler as late as the eighteenth century found that the ale houses in Wales were usually kept by the parson, and this Unitarian pastor of the First Church of Cambridge, Mass., "wonders whether with such manifest advantages the Welch ministers' meetings were given over to lugubrious essays on 'Why we do not reach the masses.'"

"The Christ Story," by Eva March Tappan, is one more attempt to write down the Christ story for the benefit of the children. Perhaps this a good book of the kind, but we deplore the kind. The forty-five pictures, mostly drawn from the masters, are, of course, valuable material in the hands of the wise mother and the skillful Sunday-school teacher. They deserve better reproduction, but the paraphrase that is delightful when told is grewsome when read. To parents who really want to interest their children in the story of the Nazarene, we commend the New Testament, provided the parents themselves are reasonably well informed concerning the contents of this book as illuminated by modern scholarship and culture and spiritual appreciation.

"The Spirit in Man," sermons and selections by Horace Bushnell, from Charles Scribner's Sons, is a family contribution to the centennial celebration of this truly great man, the prophet of the new orthodoxy, the great creed expounder, if not creed-breaker. Had there been no Horace Bushnell to write his "Christian Nurture" and to read into the dogma of vicarious atonement an ethical import, there probably would have been no Henry Ward Beecher or Phillips Brooks, or at least their tasks would have been different and harder. The book contains an essay on "The Inspiration of the Holy Spirit," eleven sermons of the life-giving kind, and some 140 pages of selections from sermons of the same character. A specially valuable feature of the book, to UNITY readers, is the thirty-page bibliography at the close, compiled by Henry Barrett Learned, the son of our own John C. Learned of blessed memory, one of UNITY's founders and staunch supporters while he lived, who was himself the Horace Bushnell of western Unitarianism. The name of Mary Bushnell Cheney appears as editor of this book, which deserves a wider reading than it is likely to receive, because, unfortunately, there seems to be a growing impression that a sermon or sermon material is necessarily dull reading, notwithstanding the fact that much of the permanent literature of the world was spoken before it was ever printed. Witness the writings of Emerson, Martineau, Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke, Robertson, Farrar, Stanley,—but the list is endless.

"Miracles and Supernatural Religion," by James Morris Whiton, Ph. D., is a small book put forth by the Macmillan house, but, like everything that Doctor Whiton writes, it is crystal clear, manly and fearless. It is hard to fix a label on such a man as Doctor Whiton. In an orthodox pulpit he seems to be Unitarian; in the Unitarian pulpit, and he has stood in both, he is suspected of orthodoxy, simply because he is both. His power of appreciation is large; he not only sees, but feels, the good and the true in divergent creeds, and he loves the antagonistic camps.

The number of those who are troubled about miracles, in the religious world, is growing less and less day by day among devout thinkers, because their thinking is more and more rooted in the sense of law, more and more familiar with the methods and spirit, if not the results, of science. Doctor Whiton's contention is that supernatural religion looks for its credentials, not to miracles as a violation of law, but as the fulfillment of law. The result of his careful reasoning upon the mind of the honest thinker, is an escape from the tyranny of any terminology. His definitions of the words "miracle" and "supernatural" bring the sense of the inadequacy of these terms or any other terms offered as a substitute, and the futility of attempting to satisfactorily phrase the verities of the spiritual life; not because the spiritual reality is less, but because it is infinitely more than man-made terms can hold. If you have a friend who is groping for the light and is troubled about his creed, commend to him this little book.

"Thy Will, Not Mine, Be Done."

He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful to the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Oh, Father! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee,
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.

Oh! ne'er will I at life repine;
Enough that Thou hast made it mine;
Where falls the shadow, cold, of death
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.

—*Sarah Flower Adams.*

Henry Demarest Lloyd.

A FUNERAL ADDRESS, OCT. 1, 1903, BY WM. M. SALTER.

It is a sad but sweet privilege to say a word at this affecting hour. As I looked at my dead friend's face Monday afternoon—fair and beautiful as it had been in life—the pity of his leaving us was uppermost in my mind. Still in manhood's prime, loved as few are, ardent for great causes, just preparing for a civic contest here in Chicago, with a promise and potency of ten or twenty years more of public service, how could we endure that he should be laid low! The tangle of this present sorry scheme of things has rarely made itself felt more sensibly.

And yet something in the noble lines of his countenance, and the faint suggestion of a smile on his lips, forbade that pity or perplexity should be the final word. He was a man—and to be a man in this shuffling world, erect, fearless, taking one's counsel from within, is no mean triumph. He may not have thought of this—the good man does not usually think much about himself—but we can think of it and in our bewilderment lift up our heads. More than the most and the best we do is what we are, the quality of character we put forth. What we accomplish depends more or less on accident; Mr. Lloyd might have done less and been the same true-hearted, modest, lovable and brave man. It is the heart, the motive, the personality to which we bow in love and homage. This shines through the words and deeds and gives them their lustre and their immortal worth. Yes, this is catching; it transfuses itself into us—and the lasting, imperishable thing about Mr. Lloyd is not his great addresses or his great books, but the high unconquerable, strongly-loving spirit in which he wrought them, and which, if we will, may live again in us and in all who read him or come to know of him. Some one has said that the greatest gift of a hero is to have been a hero—for this somehow challenges our own souls; or, as Emerson, whom Mr. Lloyd loved and honored, put it:

> "He that feeds men serveth few,
> He serves all who dares to be true."

Most of us are absorbed in our petty interests—perhaps the homely truth for many is that they have to be; others set free from sordid cares easily give themselves up to pleasures, more or less refined. Here was a man set free, who devoted himself to the service of his kind—above all to the service of those on whom the weight of sordid cares rests like a load. It was the same spirit, the same tender chivalry, that led the Lord of Sorrows to look with compassion on the multitudes of old—only modern, instead of ancient in the method of relief. The old-new spirit is making a religion of its own in our day, and my old friend, living though dead, is one of its prophets. A lecture first given, I think, in this city and before a society with which I am connected, "The New Conscience," will be one of its classics. The peculiarity of the new faith is that its asks men once again to live from within outward, to draw the rule for their lives from their highest thoughts. And this was the peculiarity of Mr. Lloyd. He was guided by inner promptings, he was unworldly,—nay, he was in flat contradiction with the spirit of the world as it exists. He dared think that men might live in love, that society might be ordered by love, that the highest sentiments might dictate the ordinances and statutes of the state. With his whole heart, he longed for this higher order of things—and every little step or promise of a step toward a heavenlier country, he observed and studied and talked about from the housetops. This, I say, is a revival of religion—it is bringing once more the heavenly and the perfect into the consciousness of men; it is an elevation of the heart, a passionate movement, in that direction. For in this age of the world, religion and reform are in essence one and the same.

I have said how much he had still to do—how untimely was his death. And yet what in the last fifteen years he has done! What labors went into his books! How he traveled, how he delved, how he unearthed documents, how he conversed with men—everywhere seeking first-hand, original information. It was a beautiful, cheering sight—this unbought, arduous toil. Mr. Lloyd's books have often been misjudged. They do not satisfy scholars, it is said. But they were not written for scholars. They were written for the people—for their enlightenment, for their warning and encouragement. But scholars have never successfully assailed them in any essential point. Did Jesus address himself to satisfy the learned of his time? Were St. Paul's Epistles written for scholars? A scientific treatise is one thing and a book with a mission is another—and Mr. Lloyd's books are all with a mission, their aim is to move and to stir and to lift men, they are warm with life, they throb with the pulsebeats of the man. Witness a passage at the close of "Wealth Against Commonwealth":

> "It is not a verbal accident that science is the substance of conscience. We must know the right before we can do the right. When it comes to know the facts the human heart can no more endure monopoly than American slavery or Roman empire. The first step to a remedy is that the people care. If they know, they will care. To help them to know and care; to stimulate new hatred of evil, new love of the good, new sympathy for the victims of power, and, by enlarging its science, to quicken the old into a new conscience, this compilation of fact has been made."

It is the voice of an apostle, a missionary; it is scholarship consecrated to human service, baptized with the spirit of the new humanity.

Members of this family circle,—wife, children, father, sister, brother, whose love and whose grief are too sacred for me to more than reverently recognize,—it was indeed a sad and tragic ending, on Monday last, and the hearts of hundreds and thousands in this great city and elsewhere in the land, go out in sympathy and tender solicitude to you; but I pray you, life your thoughts above the moment, think of what has been, let a song of thanksgiving rise in your hearts to the Mighty Unseen Powers that this dear man, husband, father, son, brother, has been among you so long. Never were the words of the great Puritain poet more apt:

> Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
> Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
> Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a life so noble.

The mystery of a soul's passing from our earthly ken is past all fathoming. Only to the materialist are things clear—and that because his view of the world is a surface one, and takes no account of the deeps of life. I remember that Mr. Lloyd, at our earliest meeting, now some twenty years ago, described himself as a "reverent agnostic." As for myself, I can only think of him as of those who "Went away from earth, as if but tamed with sleep." Every night we fall asleep, and the deeper, the sounder, the more absolutely unconscious the sleep, the better. Our real being can live on in absolute unconsciousness. It may come to consciousness again in the flesh, and who knows that it may not without the flesh? As we look out at the stars at night, how immense the world is! Is it immense only in space, or has it also inner depths upon depths? It is only in accordance with the suggestions of what we see, to think that it is really an infinite world we live in. Yet, if so, all good things, all great things, all divine things become possible. What we dream of may come true; the perfect world, the perfect order that would meet the heart's desire,

as the present sorry scheme of things does not, may yet be attained. Souls may fall asleep to awake again and scale the far heights that we see only in rapt vision now. The truest view of life is as a movement; even the world as we now see it is a moving thing; death taken largely is movement, too. Move on, then, friend, move on through the years and be glad that they are taking you, move on through life and be not afraid—yes, move on through death, face pain, loss, contradiction, sundering of all earthly ties; move on through all, and hope with the hope of children of a boundless universe.

Calmly, calmly, lay him down,
He hath fought the noble fight;
He hath battled for the right;
He hath won the unfading crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past.
Faithful toiled he to the last,
Faithful through unflagging years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth,
Objects of aspiring youth,
Firm to age he still pursued.

Kind and gentle was his soul,
Yet it glowed with glorious might;
Filling clouded minds with light,
Making wounded spirits whole.

Dying, he can never die!
To the dust his dust we give;
In our hearts his heart shall live,
Moving, guiding, working aye.

—*William Gaskell.*

The Hell of Science and the Hell of Theology.

I am not sure that fear of punishment for our sins and evil have a large enough part in our religious life and our religious institutions. I think a little more fear of such things would be quite wholesome for us morally and religiously—not necessarily the old fear of the future punishment and the future hell, but the fear of present punishment and the present hell into which our sins at once plunge us. I think the fear of this present hell is, in fact, a much more potent influence to cause us to live righteously and religiously than was the old fear of future retribution. For all souls truly wise, strong and pure, the old fear has vanished, and the more potent fear of the present judgment of evil has come to take its place. By no means is it yet strong and fearful enough for our good. We are not enough afraid of the present judgment day because we have not yet awakened to its full significance. Our perception of its meaning is dulled by the evil which we persistently harbor in our lives. When we are truly awake, we shall heed it, and more thoroughly amend our ways, to escape the direful judgments which it brings.

People sometimes speak with a kind of reflective horror, a far-off, disdainful pity in their tones, of the pictures of physical and spiritual torture of the future hell which were drawn by such men as the great Jonathan Edwards, and the noted revivalists of the past. People sometimes speak as if they were glad to be released from the old fears of these threats, never realizing that the present hells into which they plunge themselves by their sins and evils are, in fact, a thousand times more to be dreaded. That old-time future hell was not comparable to the punishment which is actually given to the evil life now and here. As we sow, so do we reap, evil fruit for evil seed; and the crop is not long in growing. This is the fact which modern science is continually proclaiming. The hell of science is more sure and fearful than the old hell of theology. The old theology said, You will be damned for your sins. Modern science says, Your sins not only have damned you, but they kill you, body and soul, so that you may drag through this world little better than a corpse, with not even enough life to realize that you are practically dead. The habitual and excessive use of liquors aand narcotics destroys the stomach and the physical energy of the cell life, and weakens the power of the human will. Excessive eating, excessive work or play, the pampered appetite, the unrestrained passion, the foolish pursuit of pleasure, all physical excess or dissipation—these quickly burn out the body and the soul. All vice and crime, all brutality and sensuality, all lying, greed and self-indulgence—these quickly leave their physical marks on all who indulge in them, to say nothing of the remorse of spiritual paralysis which they cause. Not only do they surely kill the body of the one who commits them, but they blight the bodies and souls of all their descendants, giving them as an inheritance curses instead of blessing. This is no longer the punishment for which theology is responsible. This is the hell which science, through its great leaders, through Darwin and Huxley and Spencer, and the more modern and better informed scientists, is continually proclaiming. It has been said that a sure and wide knowledge of the laws of physiology will do more to avoid it and banish it from life than all the old-time revivals of religion and ancient fear of future torment.

Not only is this physical punishment for human evil a sure and established fact, but the blight of mental and moral capacity, the perversion of desire and motive, the blunting of the will to live and to work righteously, which surely follow in the train of all physical sin or sloth, is the most fearful punishment. The destruction of the imaginative power, the death of the creative faculty of the human soul, the loss of power to enjoy the good, the true, and the beautiful, the benumbing of the energy to enter into and be blessed by spiritual things—these are the hells into which all our evils immediately plunge us, so that we go through the motions of this life so weakened that we do not know that we are spiritually blind and halt. With heaven all around us to tempt us to fuller life, our hardened and gross souls blindly refuse it for the sake of the meaner temptation and the coarser enjoyment which our too keenly whetted sensual appetites demand. Not only science, but our common daily experience and observation, proclaim these truths. Indeed, our consciences accuse us. Who is there among us who has not injured the spirit through some form of sensualism? Who is there of us who does not know, at least dimly, that we dwell in hell therefor? Who will deny that he has fallen, and thereby weakened his capacity for the fullest, richest life? He who has escaped such sin, let him thank God for the heaven in which he dwells.—*From a Sermon by Rev. F. M. Bennett.*

Across the Fields.

Across the fields like swallows fly
Sweet thoughts and sad of days gone by;
From Life's broad highway turned away,
Like children, Thought and Memory play
Nor heed Time's scythe though grass be high.

Beneath the blue and shoreless sky
Time is but told when seedlings dry
By Love's light breath are blown, like spray,
Across the fields.

Now comes the scent of fallen hay,
And flowers bestrew the foot-worn clay,
And summer breathes a passing sigh
As westward rolls the day's gold eye,
And Time with Labor ends his day
Across the fields.

—*Walter Crane.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

From the Open Court Company.*

Though Mithra gives the name to Mithraism, he was not its only deity, nor was he the actual head of its pantheon. He was, however, the most popular god of this Persian religion and the one to whom it owed its rapid extension and its great power. Kronos, —the lion-headed all devouring time—the sky, the earth, the sea, the winds, the elements of nature,— earth, air, fire, water,—these were the primal gods of that ancient Persian religion, which, in time, and through contact with other creeds became the Mithraic system. There is no higher authority on Mithraism than Prof. Cumont, of the University of Ghent, in Belgium. His great work, *Textes et monuments figurés relatifs aux mysteres de Mithra,* is a massive volume of almost a thousand pages and a "monument of scholarship and industry." In the little book before us, *The Mysteries of Mithra,* we find the "Conclusions" of that word presented in a plain and simple statement. The first edition, in French, was published in 1900; the second has just appeared and its value is attested by the fact of its simultaneous publication in French, German and English.

Mithraism is a composite. "An analysis of the constituent elements of Mithraism, like a cross-section of a geological formation, shows the stratifications of this composite mass in their regular order of deposition. The basal layer of this religion, its lower and primordial stratum is the faith of ancient Izan, from which it took its origin. Above this Mazdaean substratum was deposited in Bablyon a thick sediment of Semitic doctrines, and afterwards the local beliefs of Asia Minor added to it their alluvial deposits. Finally a luxuriant vegetation of Hellenic ideas burst forth from this fertile soil and partly concealed from view its true original nature."

To the simple elementary gods of Persia, were added the sidereal bodies and, among these, the planets were of most importance. Seven in number, including the sun and moon, this number was sacred in Mithraism, as it had been among the Semitic nations, to whom the sidereal worship was largely due. The signs of the zodiac were added, as were ideas of fatality, destiny and fortune. The strife between good and evil, desire for heaven and fear of hell, all had their places. Mithra, at first the light and a mediator, became the sun, and it was as the sun that he gained in power. A great legend regarding him arose; his life was a series of tasks and conflicts. Its scenes and events were depicted in thousands of art representations—the commonest and favorite being the killing of the sacred bull.

From its oriental home Mithraism went forth to conquer. It swept over western Asia, southern Europe and northern Africa. Ruins of Mithraeums (temples of Mithraic worship) and other monuments are found in London, and from Scotland and Spain to Parthia; they abound in Numidia, Dacia, Italy and Germany; the latter country seems actually to have been completely occupied throughout the Roman Empire, but particularly where Roman garrisons were located, Mithraism prevailed. It was carried by soldiers, merchants and slaves. Imperial recognition under Commodus increased its vogue. To him and the succeeding Caesars indeed it gave substantial aid. When Constantine recognized its rival,—Christianity,—Mithraism received its severest blow. In the reign of Julian (the Apostate) it enjoyed but a temporary resurgence.

It is difficult to reconstruct the outline of Mithraic belief and practice. Its sacred books are gone; little of its ritual is known; the bulk of material regarding it consists of incidental references in profane writers, controversial arguments of its opponents, inscriptions and art representations. From such materials we learn something of the secret brotherhoods, their subterranean places of gathering, the seven grades of initiates, the mysteries, the symbolism.

In many ways Mithraism resembled Christianity. It had its baptism and its last supper; it taught immortality of the soul and resurrection of the body; it taught a final separation of the good and bad. Its ethics were clear and vigorous. Its sectarians actively fought against evil and for the good. It appealed to the poor and insignificant with a lesson of hope and cheer. But it was a religion militant, and always attraced the soldier, as such. Its philosophy and science were more satisfactory to the thinkers of the Roman Empire than were those of early Christianity. It failed, however, in its struggle against Christianity, and among the causes of its failure, Cumont emphasizes its neglect of woman. She was not received into its mysteries.

Cumont's book is small but it is full of interest. It would be hard to mention any book, of equal scholarship, in the range of comparative religion which is so attractive to the non-specialist, intelligent reader.

* * * *

Prof. Mills, of Oxford, perhaps leads in the field of ancient Persian literature. To him Max Müller entrusted the preparation of the Zoroastrian Gathas, for the well known series of *The Sacred Books of the East.* That work presented the Zend, Pahlavi, Sanskrit and Persian texts, a Latin verbatim of the Zend and an English verbatim of the Sanskrit and Pahlavi. It is a book for the special student. In the volume before us, *Zorothustrian Gathas,* we have a selection from the same material prepared for a more general public. For Mills, Zoroaster was an actual historical personage and the seventeen *yasnas* (chapters or songs) which he here presents are arranged in a sequence from The Call of Zoroaster to divine office to the marriage of his daughter. In some of the songs he believes he finds the very words of the teacher. Reacting against a tendency to give a comparatively recent date to these hymns, Mills assigns them to from 1200 to 500 B. C. In presenting his material the author first gives with each *yasna* an introductory analysis of it; then follows an English metrical and rhythmical translation, aiming to fairly give the literary value, the religious spirit, and the rhythmical form of the original; lastly comes a word-for-word translation, with explanatory comment. The work is not easy reading, but it forms undoubtedly the best introduction for English students to the form and content of Zoroastrian literature. The songs are those of a pastoral-agricultural people, whose thoughts are centered on their herds and their tilled fields, who live in constant danger of incursions from nomad neighbors, and whose prayers are filled with petitions regarding their daily interests. Now and then, their prayers express a lofty thought and spirit, truly remarkable in so early a time and so rude a culture.

For example:—

> Thus ask I thee; aright, Ahura, tell me;
> Who in production first was Asha's father?
> Who sun and stars save thee their path hath given?
> Who thins the waning moon, or waxing filleth?
> This and still other works, Lord, would I know.

**The Mysteries of Mithra.* Franz Cumont. (Translated from the second French edition.) 1903. 16°. pp. xiv., 239; $1.50.

Zorathustricen Gathas. Lawrence H. Mills. 1903. 8°. pp. xix., 196; $2.00.

Swain School Lectures. Andrew Ingraham. 1903. 16°. Pp. 197; $1.

All from the Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

This I ask thee; aright, Ahura, tell me:
Who ever earth and sky from falling guardeth?
Who hath, save thee, brought forth rivers and forests?
Who with the winds hath yoked racers to storm-clouds?
Who of the good man's grace ever was source?

* * * *

We can but wish that the author, the publisher, or an editor, had given us some clue to the intention of the *Swain School Lectures.* On the title page we find that Andrew Ingraham is—or was—"late head master of the Swain Free School, New Bedford, Mass." We assume that the Swain Free School falls somewhat short of a college or university; we assume, also, that the lectures were first given orally, before some student body—probably the general assembly of the school. The lectures appear to attempt to make known the purpose, method and content of such branches of science as psychology, logic, etc., etc. We do not hesitate to say that no college class of seniors, no general gathering of university students, could possibly gain aught from listening to the oral delivery of the lectures entitled Psychology, Epistemology, Metaphysics and Logic. Students in a philosophy class-room might be able to follow them, but the title of the book does not suggest that they were given to such students. Intelligent readers, outside the class-room, will find it difficult even to carefully read them with profit. The style is sadly labored and *heavily vivacious;* the grammar is bad and in sentences, subjects and verbs often lose one another; the effort to pile various and picturesque adjectives upon single nouns is painful; the constant alliterations are childish—Lombroso would say degenerate or imbecile. We do not deny that there are strong points in the lectures. There is real thought, there is considerable originality, there is much that is suggestive. In our opinion, the two best lectures are: *Seven Processes of Language* and *Nine Uses of Language.* These will appeal, with interest and stimulus, to intelligent minds.

FREDERICK STARR.

Letters of Edward Chipman Guild.

The volume of letters by the late Rev. E. C. Guild, which some of his friends have caused to be privately printed, forms a significant and fitting memorial. No other kind could place before us so simply and directly the man himself, and probably in no better way could his uplifting influence be extended beyond the circle of those who felt it during his lifetime.

Mr. Guild was a Unitarian preacher whose public ministry began in Ohio in 1859, and ended with his death in Boston, in 1899. Two of his longer pastorates were spent in Waltham,Mass., and in Brunswick, Me.; and wherever he was settled he soon made it his avocation to organize and conduct classes of young people for the reading and study of the best literature, often, also, giving courses of lectures on the same subject. He found deep delight in the study of poetry, especially, and while the letters cover a wide range of interests, and many different classes of readers may find in them something answering to their needs, perhaps the greater number are addressed to his young friends mainly on this matter of good reading. The fine spirit of helpfulness in which they are written is so manifest that the grateful feeling with which we share them need be chilled by no compunction at reading what was not meant for our eyes. The friends who have judiciously edited them have but acted in the same generous spirit, knowing that he would approve. Here the maiden

"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,"

will find clear and precise guidance to the richest fields of literature, with wise counsel as to the best means of profiting by a study which has its chief value in building up and ennobling character. Again and again he insists that the *choice* of author or book to be studied must be her own; in no other way can she gain and keep the *enthusiasm* which he deems essential. The choice once made, however, his own enthusiasm breaks loose; suggestion follows suggestion, packages of his own books are despatched to the student, and lists of others to be taken from the library. In one year he has lent 235 of his books to 72 different persons. So to those who are young and in earnest we cordially commend these letters, and this extract in particular: "I don't know that I can wish for you on your birthday anything more appropriate than this: that you may learn the secret of being wise and prudent without losing the spirit of a self-forgetting enthusiasm." There is also to be found many a letter bearing to those in sorrow and trouble the comfort of sympathy and the strength of his own unfaltering Christian faith. He had a way of idealizing his friends that kept them, young or middle-aged, up to a high standard. "I don't know what life is for," he writes, "unless it is to give it away. The only question is whether it is wiser to give it all at once, or in great lumps which leave the giver crippled, or to make it last as long as possible in order to be on hand a great while with something still to give. It is a matter of temperament, I suppose, or of Divine Guidance. To some men it is given to take the great heroic way, to others the small economic way, but they may be all ruled by the same spirit." And again: "Is it not wonderful to think of having so much time? Year follows year, and what we have not been able to do in this year we can try to do next year, and I feel just the same about life and death—what I have not been able to do in this life, I can try to do in the life that comes after death; not, perhaps, exactly writing lectures about Irving and Cooper, but trying to find out what makes beautiful things to be beautiful, and trying to help people to like real, true, pure beauty better than shams and pretenses and exaggerations. So when I think of the lapse of time, it always seems to me unending—I am sorry I did not do better yesterday or last year, because that particular opportunity will never come again, but I comfort myself with thinking that the opportunity to do better next year lies before me—to all eternity."

There are letters of good advice to a young man of "great possessions" and to other young men whose confidence with respect to their aims and ambitions he shared. Perhaps this extract may help some young minister, though, to be sure, he was fifty-six when it was written: "I am preaching a course of sermons on your father's text: 'He is losing his hold on the people because he preaches *too exclusively* on the inner relation of the soul to God.' It rather shocked me when he said it—it seemed so strange that a Christian minister should be blamed because he preached too much about the relation of the soul to God; but when I come to dwell on each word of the text I find that there is a lot of wisdom in it. My course is on 'Man's duty to man,' and has for text, 'Leave thy gift before the altar and FIRST be reconciled to thy brother.'"

Without doubt the sensitive reader will feel through the noble reticence of these letters the throbbing of a modest, brave, and steadfast heart; he will know that he has found a new friend; and, if we mistake not, will be murmuring to himself as he closes the book:

To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

ELLEN B. STEBBINS.

Roslindale, Mass.

*Letters of Edward Chipman Guild, 1832-1899. With a biographical sketch by Elizabeth J. Worcester, John A. Bellows and Alice Reynolds Keyes. (To be obtained at Unitarian Building, 25 Beacon street, Boston.)

Jesus Concerning Wealth.*

A man's teachings become important as an economic factor in proportion to the number of his followers. In view of the multitudes prepared to accept as authoritative and final whatever clear declaration Jesus of Nazareth may have made on the subject treated by Mr. Heuver, it becomes clear at once that this book possesses a timeliness and interest of the very highest kind. There was wanted, not mere worshipful ecstasy of comment and moralizing—that we have and to spare—but a clear, discriminating presentation of what Jesus did actually teach on this vital subject of riches and their use. Just this Mr. Heuver has supplied.

Nor was it enough that we should have segregated and presented the actual precepts of the Teacher of Galilee. Doctrines take all their coloring from time and circumstance. Recognizing this, with rare erudition and condensation, the author, by careful study of the original and contemporaneous sources, restores, from the actual situation—complex social and commercial life, obtruding economic questions, desperate condition of the common people—the real background against which the Prophet's teachings stand out in bold relief.

The style is simple, direct and therefore forceful. The poise and objective attitude of the student so characterizes the whole treatment that no more than three or four paragraphs hint the author's position toward the theological considerations involved. These, however, are sufficient to reassure the vast evangelical host, without detracting from the treatise's value as a handbook of the subject for scholars. So thorough has been the research and so impartial the presentation of its results, and so complete their grounding upon the primitive sources, of which, on important points, it is little more than a translation, that this modest volume will be praised by the discerning as itself one of the authorities in the important field which it covers.

The book is well printed and bound, and an excellent index adds to its worth and convenience.

GRANVILLE R. PIKE.

The following Bible curiosities are said to have been gained in a study of the good Book by the Prince of Granada, heir-apparent to the Spanish throne, during his thirty-three years' imprisonment at the Place of Skulls Prison, Madrid: "In the Bible the word 'Lord' is found 1853 times; the word 'Jehovah' 6855 times, and the word 'reverence' but once, and that in the ninth verse of the 111th Psalm. The eighth verse of the 118th Psalm is the middle verse of the Bible. The ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther is the longest verse. The thirty-fifth verse, eleventh chapter of St. John, is the shortest. In the 107th Psalm four verses are alike—the eighth, fifteenth, twenty-first and thirty-first. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike. No names or words with more than six syllables are found in the Bible. The thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah and the nineteenth chapter of II. Kings are alike. The word 'girl' occurs but once in the Bible, and that in the third verse and third chapter of Joel, and the word 'boy' but once—Zechariah viii. There are found in both books of the Bible 3,586,483 letters and 773,693 words."—*Exchange.*

It is a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never, through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end.

Carlyle.

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*"The Teachings of Jesus Concerning Wealth," 12mo., cloth, pp. 1.208, by Gerald D. Heuver, with introduction by the Rev. Herrick Johnson, D.D. LL.D. Published by Revell New York, London and Chicago. $1.00 net.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

*Third Series.—Citizenship and the Duties of a Citizen.

By W. L. SHELDON.
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RIGHT AND DUTY OF VOTING—THE BALLOT.

Dialogue.

We have been talking now for a time about what our country does for us, including what services come to us from our town or city, our state or nation. But what about the other phase: what we have to do for our country? It would be an odd situation if our country did so much for us and we did nothing ourselves in return.

Do you remember what we noted as one of the first and most important distinctions between citizenship and family life? What is it one has to do as a citizen, that one does not have to do as a member of the family?

"Vote," you suggest? But is that, after all, something that we do for our country; is it not something that we do for ourselves? What do you say as to that? "Oh, perhaps it is a little of both." We shall see as we go on.

By the way, before we get too far on this subject, we had better decide who are the voters. You know the term which is applied to voting? Did you ever hear it—suffrage?

Now in this country we have universal suffrage, do we not? "Surely," you exclaim. Take care; do not be too sure of that. What does "universal" mean? "Everbody?"

And can everybody vote in this country? "All the citizens, at any rate," you insist. But can they? Think a moment. How about your grown sisters, or your mothers; are they not citizens? "Yes," you admit, "surely they are citizens." But can they vote in most states? "No," you tell me.

Then do we really have universal suffrage? "No, we take it back," you say. "But at least," you assert, "we have universal manhood suffrage; all the men citizens can vote."

But are you sure even of that? Be a little cautious; this is an important matter. Do you think a man could do anything which would make it impossible for him to vote? "Oh, yes," you admit, "he might get so far away from the voting place that it would be impossible for him to go to the polls."

Is that all? Is there anything else which might prevent him from voting? Suppose a man commits a crime and is sent to prison, can he vote? Would they let him out of the penitentiary in order to go to the polls? I doubt it. No, the convicts cannot vote. They are citizens, but they do not have the suffrage.

Are there any other classes of men in this country who cannot vote? "Why," you explain, "there are the foreigners in this country; not all of them can vote."

Why not? I ask. Is not a man a citizen in the United States just as soon as he lands in this country? "Not by any means," you assert. Well, what must he do? "Why, he must wait awhile and then become naturalized."

And what does being naturalized make him? "A citizen," you answer. Yes, that is it; then he becomes a citizen. How about children, do they vote? "No." Well, then, at what age can a person begin to vote? "As to that," you respond, "when he becomes twenty-one years of age."

We have found out, have we, that at least nearly all the men citizens in this country have the suffrage. And are you sure that women cannot vote in this country? "They can in some places," you insist. Indeed! Where?

"In some states," you reply. Do you know in what states women can vote? Find out, if you can, and let me know next time in what parts of the United States women can vote, and what restrictions there are upon their voting. You must not be too sure about women not being able to vote.

Note to the teacher: This may be a rather interesting point to the boys and girls, and it would be well for them to investigate the subject. Have them find out how it is that in Boston, for instance, women may vote for the members of the School Board. Then let them know about states like Colorado, Washington and Oregon, where women can vote for city and state officers. Do not go far into a discussion as to the wisdom of woman suffrage. But the members of the class will be interested in knowing the facts of the case.

But what does a person vote *for,* when he goes and casts his ballot? Is it certain laws, that he is voting for, or what we call legislation? Does he say on his ballot, "I favor this or that law or wish that it should be passed"?

"No," you answer, "he does not usually vote for laws: he votes for men." Then what are those men to do, whom he votes for? "Why, they are to hold the offices, go to the legislatures or to Congress at Washington."

Yes, that is all very true; we vote for the men who are to hold office. But do we vote for all the men who hold office in this country? What about policemen, they are officers; do we vote for them? "No," you say, "they are appointed, as we learned in a previous lesson."

Do we vote for men to belong to the United States Senate? How is that; are you sure? "Not directly," you admit. Then who chooses the senators? "Why, the members of the Legislature whom the people may have voted for."

Then you see that we have a number of methods by which officers are selected; some of them are appointed and others are elected by those whom we have chosen through our votes.

In choosing such officers, by the way, what should be the real basis of choice, or the first thing to be considered? Is it as to what the man's theories are, what measures he has promised to support, what political doctrines he advocates? "As to that," you add, "we may not be altogether sure that he will support those measures after he had been elected. He may be deceiving us."

What possible motive could he have for such conduct? "Oh," you explain, "he may be anxious to be elected and may take any possible course in order to bring this about."

You think that there is something else to be considered, besides the measures the candidate is advocating, or the promises he has made. What, then? "Why, there would be the man's character."

Which should really come first, after all, in deciding as to whether you will support a candidate by your vote,—a man's character, or his theories and promises? "Why, the character, surely," you exclaim.

If this is true, as the duty of a citizen, why is it that there are some persons in office who do fail to keep such promises? "Because," you reply, "the citizens may be careless on this matter and not always make character the first consideration."

In our choice, however, in the way we use the ballot, how many votes does a man have? "One?" Yes, in this country he has just one vote. And how is the vote cast? What is really done by the citizen? "Why, there might be a great many ways or systems," you reply.

What, for example? "Oh," you suggest, "people might come together and hold up their hands for or against each candidate or each measure to be passed upon; or they could show this by rising in their seats."

Any other methods? "Yes," you continue, "there could be 'yes' or 'no' through the voice, without any rising or showing of hands." True, but in that case, people would all vote at the same time. How could there be any decision?

"As to that," you explain, "one can tell by the number of voices or the amount of tone, as to whether the majority is on the one side or the other." "So, too," you add, "the people might use slips of paper and write down the way they wish to vote, after which the slips of paper would be counted."

Note to the teacher: Interesting facts of history could be introduced here to an indefinite extent, according to the best judgment of the teacher. Something might be told of the early custom among the Germanic tribes of giving voice to their sentiment in selecting a leader, by striking on their shields, which they carried as soldiers. All this, however, should be only as incidental to the main point in bringing out the "Ethics of the Ballot."

How is it usually with us in this country? What is the custom, do you know? Does a citizen go to a voting place, hold up his hand, announcing himself in favor of one candidate or another, when he votes? "No," you reply, "in many of the cities and states, we have what is called the Australian Ballot."

And what do you mean by the Australian Ballot? Can you tell why it is called by that name? "Because the method started in Australia," you fancy? Yes, that is why we call it by that name. And have we always had this method in voting in the United States?

Note to the teacher: It might be well to tell the pupils something about the history of the Australian ballot and the changes which have come about in the methods of voting in this country. Mention the reasons why we need to have the secret ballot. Dwell on the melancholy fact that men used to be forced to vote contrary to their opinions, from fear of losing their positions. At the same time it may be well to point out how humiliating it is and what a shame it is to our country that we should be *obliged* to resort to this method of the secret ballot.

But you have not yet told me *why* a man should vote; you have only said that he votes for persons. But I wish to hear why he should vote at all. What if he took it into his head that voting was a great deal of trouble, and that he would therefore let other persons do the voting and never vote any more—would that be right?

"Yes," you hesitate, "perhaps that would be right." Why? I ask. "Because," you answer, "voting is allowed to him as a right or privilege, and if he chooses not to act on that privilege, or to care about his own interests, he may be showing real self-sacrifice in leaving the choice to other people."

You really think that when a man votes, he is voting just for his own interests, and so that he gives up his own interests by not voting, and therefore shows a spirit of self-sacrifice?

What if a bad man is a candidate for an office, one who, if elected, would surely injure the country's interests, do you think it would be right for a citizen to stay at home instead of going and voting against that man?

"No," you assert, "in that case a man really ought to vote, so as to help to keep such a bad man from getting the office." But why? I ask. Even if such a person gets into office, he may not injure you, although he may injure the country.

"Yes," you continue, "but it is our country, and we do not wish to have our country injured." You believe, do you, after all, that a man does not vote altogether just for himself and his own interests, but that he has to consider the good of the country in this matter? I most certainly agree with you.

How would it be, on the other hand, if two men were running for office, both of them of equally good

character? Would a citizen then be justified in refraining from taking the trouble to vote? "No," you admit.

And why not? "Because while each man may be equally trustworthy as to character, the measures which one advocates may be better if they are carried out, than those advocated by the other. A citizen ought to vote, so as to make sure that the best kind of laws will be passed for the positive good of the country."

Is there any other word, then, that we could use with regard to voting, instead of calling it a privilege? We employ that term in regard to a man's own interests when we say that it is his privilege to do so and so.

Now, however, you have told me that he should vote, not merely as a privilege on his part, but in order to save the country from harm, or to advance the national welfare. What is the word we might use here? "Duty?" Yes, that is the word; it is a man's duty to vote. Do you see clearly why it should be his duty?

If an army from the outside were coming to attack our country, and there was a call for soldiers and you were a young man, strong and healthy, what ought you to do if possible? "Become a soldier," you say, "and help to protect the country?" Exactly; you would become a soldier in order to resist that army and to protect your country.

Then do you see any sense in the idea that when we vote we may be acting like soldiers, or fulfilling a duty like theirs? "Yes," you say, "we should be soldiers in the sense that we should be trying to protect our country by the way we vote."

That is entirely true; it is as much our duty to vote in time of peace, as to become a soldier in time of war; we are to protect our country from having bad officers or bad men in power.

What if, however, in deciding how we shall vote, the question does not concern so much the character of the man who holds the office; what if he is personally a good, upright man, but favored passing certain kind of laws which might be a benefit to you, although of great injury to nearly the whole country—do you think then it would be right for you to vote for that sort of a man?

"Yes, perhaps," you say; "each man must consider his own interests in voting, even if it is a duty to vote; he must seek to protect himself." You still think, then, do you, that if a certain class of laws would help your interests very much, but injure the country a great deal, it would be right for you to vote for the man who would favor them?

You imply, for instance, that if three-quarters of the citizens in the country were in favor of certain legislation that would ruin you, interfere with your rights, perhaps reduce you to slavery, it would be all right for those three-quarters of the citizens to vote in that way, would it? "No," you hesitate, "not exactly."

But why not? You see, if a man were to vote for his own interests,—"Oh, well, after all," you confess, "Really a man should vote for the good of the whole country." Yes, I heartily agree with you. That is certainly true, if voting is a duty rather than a privilege.

If, in the home life, for example, a man were to try to bring about certain results which would be of great injury to his family, his father and mother, brothers and sisters, but which would be of help to himself, what would you think of him? "We should despise him?"

Think, then, of the Fatherland, the larger home, to which we owe so much. Should we not despise ourselves if we were to try to bring about laws which would help our interests while causing injury to our Fatherland.

NOTE TO THE TEACHER: This, of course, is a very important point, although it must be handled with delicacy. Do not introduce any reference to special acts of legislation, such as the protective tariff. If illustrations are needed, take them from other countries. It will be possible to bring out the point without necessarily dealing with party questions, and yet it would be well to touch on the general subject of party, and discuss whether a man should always stand by his party in case the party is favoring legislation which would very much injure the country. The main point, naturally, is to foster the standpoint that we are to vote for the good of the country, and not for ourselves, and that voting is a duty rather than a privilege.

Suppose, on the other hand, in time of war, a man should refuse to be a soldier, even when called upon for that service; should run away and not be willing to risk his life in order to save his country, because it would be against his personal interests to do this; what should we call him? "A coward," you answer? But anything more? "A traitor?" Yes, I am not sure but that we should call him a traitor.

Now, what if certain laws were proposed which were going to be a great evil to the whole country, and he should refuse to vote or work against them because those laws would be to his intetrest, what should we think of him; what kind of a citizen would he be? "A traitor," you say? Yes, I think it would be almost like treason to his country.

We have to be soldiers in time of peace as well as in time of war. And on the other hand, what if there were legislation proposed which was vitally important for the interests of the whole country, but which might in a certain way, injure a few persons, and these few citizens, therefore, opposed that legislation with all their might, what kind of citizen-soldiers would they be? "Disloyal soldiers," you say? Yes, I fear so.

The notion has existed that a man has to risk his life in time of war; but people often forget that they sometimes have to be called upon to risk their private interests for the sake of their country in time of peace.

By the way, do you know anything as to the number of voters there are in this country, or the number of votes cast at the elections?

Suppose you find out for next time, how many votes were cast for the President of the United States in the last election, also for Governor of your state, or Mayor of your city. What if you also tell me how many votes were cast over a hundred years ago when Washington was elected President.

A Mile With Me.

Oh, who will walk a mile with me,
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free,
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way,
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me,
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end of the day—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then? Farewell, we shall meet again!

—Henry Van Dyke, in Christian World.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

SOME SOCIAL FEATURES OF THE AMSTERDAM CONGRESS.—Having outlined, in never so inadequate a way, the public reception to the foreign delegates, and then the working sessions of the *Internationaal Congres van Vrijzinning-godsdienstigen*—to use the Dutch name for our assembly—I must now round out the picture of those varied, delightful days, by some account of all that was done for our entertainment and pleasure, for the promotion of acquaintance and social intercourse, and the giving us, in so far as time allowed, some characteristic and unforgetable pictures of Nederland and its people.

As already mentioned, I arrived in Amsterdam Sunday night. At an early hour on Monday my kind hostess, while regretting that an unavoidable engagement would take her away for the forenoon, offered to escort me as far as the Municipal and Rijks museums, and the church of the *Vrije Gemeente*, so that I could find my way thither a little later, when they would be open. This offer I gladly accepted, and then at 10 o'clock went over the ground again, presented my letter of introduction to Rev. P. H. Hugenholtz, Jr., answered his interested inquiries after Mr. Jones and Wm. M. Salter, procured tickets for the two excursions of the week and received home letters.

Even while I attended to these matters other delegates arrived, and I soon found myself among familiar faces. The Misses Field, of Cincinnati, Miss Low, president of the Women's Alliance, and Mrs. Wendte formed a little group who were trying to learn from Miss Hugenholtz the way to the Municipal museum. Having been shown it myself, I now offered to act as guide, and we spent the rest of the morning enjoying its very fine collection of modern pictures. It was the only opportunity we had to see them, and we made the most of it. I have said that Amsterdam wore its sunniest aspect throughout our stay, but on this first morning the sunshine was intermittent, and the way it came and went in that gallery lighted up certain marines and church interiors with marvelous effect. This collection is particularly rich in specimens of Israel's work at different periods, the finest, perhaps, being the old Jewish peddler, or, as it is more sympathetically named in Dutch, *"Een zoon van het oude volk"* (a son of the ancient people). There are also a number of fine Mesdags and other works that were I a connoisseur in matters of art, I should certainly name to you.

The American ladies informed me that at ten the next morning one of the ladies of the Amsterdam committee, Miss Mossel, would meet at the Bureau all those who would like to take a walk through the old part of the city and personally conduct them. My first idea was to be of the party, but on Monday afternoon I was myself taken over much the same ground by the sister of my host, who came to her brother's on purpose to escort me. She spoke English like an English woman, and proved a most interesting conductor.

August 31 is the birthday of the Queen, and a national holiday. Already in the *Bosch* at The Hague I had noted preparations for an elaborate pyrotechnic display, and here in Amsterdam many of the large shop-windows were elaborately dressed in orange and white. Some of the florists, particularly, made really surprisingly beautiful displays of orange flowers, including rosebuds, with Easter lilies and other white blossoms by way of relief and contrast. On the streets and in the crowded squares where bands were playing nearly every one wore an orange flower, button, ribbon or badge of some sort, in token of loyalty to the reigning house, so long and brilliantly associated with Dutch history. But the Dutch People seem to see comparatively little of their beloved young queen, and the uncertain state of her health occasions no little anxiety throughout the realm. She spends the greater portion of the year at Castle Loo, her favorite country seat, where Prince Henry is said to have made himself extremely popular by his excellent management of the estate.

Tuesday being the day of the Dutch meetings, was largely given by the foreigners to sight-seeing. I believe the morning walk through the old city included, as did mine on Monday, the Dam, with the Royal Palace, the *Nieuwe Kerk* and the New Exchange; the *Heerengracht*, a canal bordered by the plain, substantial residences of the wealthy old Dutch burghers, reminding one a little, in their unpretentious dignity, of certain streets in Philadelphia.. From the bustle of the *Kalverstraat*, with its shops and shoppers, what a surprise it was to slip through a narrow passage into the quaint and quiet *Begijnenhof!* This relic of the fifteenth century is a Roman Catholic community consisting of women and young girls living according to church rules, but without taking monastic vows or surrendering their property, and women who in return for certain privileges assume certain duties and obligations. No male person older than three years may pass the night there. At present twelve *Begijnen* and about 300 other women live there. The church, built in 1452, was closed at the time of the Reformation, but in 1607 the municipality made it over to the English merchants for religious services, and it is still used by the English Reformed or the Presbyterian congregation every Sunday. The houses all face on a common square, or court, in which the noise of the twentieth century world seems to die away, and as one passes out by another inconspicuous passage it is like leaving a glimpse of another age behind one.

Tuesday morning I spent with the old Dutch masters in the famous *Rijksmuseum*, a beautiful collection of reproductions of the gems of the collection shown me by my host the evening before, greatly aiding in making the most of limited time.

On Tuesday afternoon I was introduced to one of the creations of my host, Mr. M. W. F. Treub, professor of economics in the University of Amsterdam. Educated as an advocate, Prof. Treub took an active interest in municipal affairs and was a progressive, forceful member of the City Council during the protracted struggle over the municipalization of gas, water and the telephone service. Put out of active politics—though not until the fight was won—by the shrewd move of his enemies in electing him to a professorship in the municipal university, he has been at no loss for other means of working in the field of practical social reform. One of the most interesting forms his activity has taken may, he says, be rather inadequately designated in English as the Bureau for Social Service, an organization for helping the economically weak. Inspiration and suggestions for this Bureau were found in the New York League for Social Service, and the Musée Sociale at Paris, but the Dutch organization is not a copy of either. Possibly some day I may be able to procure for UNITY a better description of what it is than the mere suggestion I can give at present. Suffice it to say, then, that it is an organization commanding the services of committees of legal, sociological and business experts ready to give reliable information and advice to the laboring classes on all matters affecting their interests; wages, pensions, contracts, organization and what not. Systematic, indexed records are kept of all questions asked, answers given, investigations made, or other service rendered. A valuable library of works in all languages bearing on social problems is being collected and a systematic catalogue of the same is being prepared for publication. Its list of serials taken will be issued even earlier and will be widely valuable as an expert's list of newspapers and magazines in this special domain. The Bureau may also publish from time to time results of its practical investigations and work done. While its prime object is the assistance of "the under dog," so to speak, it will, at proportionately higher rates, give its expert advice and assistance to employers of labor on any matter affecting the welfare of their employees. This interesting experiment in social service is housed under the same roof with Prof. Treub, thus enabling him to oversee and guide its development without interfering too much with his work as a teacher and writer on social and economic subjects.

The Amsterdam liberals as a whole were a little shy of attempting to entertain the foreign delegates in their homes on account of differences of language and custom. They contributed, however, a generous sum toward paying the expenses of their stay, and the so-called "official delegates," in other words the officers and speakers of the congress, were entertained at the Amstel Hotel. There it was arranged that the members of the Dutch committee, representing their hosts, should dine with them on Wednesday, and your correspondent, as the guest of Mrs. Treub, was happily included.

It proved to be very happily indeed, as fortune gave her the president, Prof. Oort, for her neighbor and she had a delightful conversation with this charmingly childlike man. Speaking to him of his Bible for Learners, I learned with astonishment that, unlike the translation published in England, which if I remember rightly, bears the title: Bible for the Young, the American reproduction of Mr. Wicksteed's translation was never submitted to the author. "I have heard that there is an American edition," he said, "and I hope it has done some good. Wicksteed translated it for England, but I don't know about the American version; I have never seen a copy."

This dinner was not at all a formal affair, being sandwiched in between the afternoon session that hot afternoon and the special performance of "The Merchant of Venice" in the *Paleis voor Volksvlijt* in the evening, where seats had been reserved for members of the congress. It seems to be a beautiful Dutch custom to open public festivities with a verse, at least, of the national hymn, and no one could see and hear unmoved that great theater full of men and women, in festive array, who rose and joined in its beautiful strains to an orchestral accompaniment. The staging of the familiar play was less gorgeous than one sees in England or America, but there was no lack of color in the acting, Bouwmeester's impersonation of Shylock becoming acutely painful in its intense realism. It differed much from masterful impersonations that we all have seen, but I heard the opinion expressed that it was probably nearer to the character Shakespeare meant to portray.

Among the many plans suggested, in committee, for our entertainment was one, it seems, for a Venetian fête on the canals. The cold, wet season made it seem impracticable, but on this balmy, summerlike night, so well suited for any festivity in the open air, I heard expressions of keen regret that it was too late to give us a spectacle such as Amsterdam's canals would enable her to prepare with the assurance that it could hardly be matched elsewhere. M. E. H.

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